

The history

Ther: Roguery. *Dio:* Nay then:
Cres: Ile tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.
Cres: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling trick to be secretly open,
Dio: What did you sweare you would bestow on me?
Cres: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
 Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy: Hold patience.
Vlis: How now Trojan. *Cres:* Diomed.
Dio: No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
Troy: Thy better must.
Cres: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madnesse!
Vlis: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
 Least your displeasure should inlarge it selfe
 To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous,
 The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vlis: Now good my Lord go off.
 You slow to great distruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee stay.
Vlis: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torments,
 I will not speake a word.
Dio: And so good night.
Cres: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Dost that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vlis: How now my Lord?
Troy: By Ioue I will be patient.
Cres: Gardian? why Greeke? *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
Cres: In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.
Vlis: You shake my Lord at something, wil you goe: you
 wil break out.
Troy: She stroakes his cheek. *Vlis:* Come, come.
Troy: Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word;
 There is betweene my will and all offences

a guard

of Troylus and Cresseida.

A guard of patience, stay a little while.
Ther: How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and po-
 tato finger, tickles together; frye lechery frye.
Dio: Will you then?
Cres: In faith I will lo, neuer trust me else.
Dio: Giue me some token for the surety of it.
Cres: Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vlis: You haue sworne patience:
Troy: Feare me not my Lord.
 I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
 Of what I feele, I am all patience: *Enter Cres.*
Ther: Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres: Heere *Diomed* keepe this sleeue.
Troy: O beauty, where is thy faith!
Vlis: My Lord.
Troy: You looke vpon that sleeue behold it well,
 Hee loued me; oh false wench) giu't me againe:
Dio: Whof? wait?
Cres: It is no matter now I ha't againe.
 I will not meete with you to morrow night:
 I prethee *Diomed* visite me no more.
Ther: Now shee sharpenes, well said *Whetstone.*
Dio: I shall haue it.
Cres: What this? *Dio:* I that.
Cres: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!
 Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed
 Of thee and mee, and sighes, and takes my gloue,
 And giues memoriall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.
Dio: Nay do not snatch it from me.
Cres: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.
Dio: I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy: I did sweare patience.
 You shall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you shall not,
 Ile giue you something else.
Dio: I will haue this, whose was it?
Cres: It is no matter.
Dio: Come tell me whose it was?
Cres: I was on's that lou'd me better then you will,

K 3

But